A

Serenata Theatrale,

To be Represented

On the BIRTH-DAY

Of His most Serene Majesty

GEORGE,

By the Grace of GOD

King of *Great-Britain*, &c.

AT THE

Castle of *Dublin* the 28th. of *May*, 1716.

By their Excellencies the Lords Justices Special Command.

Set by Mr. JOHN SIGISMOND COUSSER, *Chapel-Master of* TRINITY-COLLEGE.

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PERSONS.

- *Jupiter.*
- *Britannia.*
- *Apollo.*
- *Astrea.*

A

SERENATA

JUPITER,

Sitting on an Imperial Throne; holding in his Righ hand, Thunder, attended by the *Eagle* and *Ganimed*

BRITANNIA,

Plac'd on a Royal Throne, encompaſs'd by Nerei and Flood-Nymphs.

APOLLO,

Leading the Nine Muſes; and holding in his Ha a golden Lyre.

ASTREA,

Blindfold, holding in her Right-hand a naked Swor and in her Left an even Ballance.

CHORUS.

ALL Hail! All Hail! Thou happy Land,
Where Pious BRUNSWICK *ſhall Command;*
With Joy exult, with Arms extended,
Receive this Pledge of mighty JOVE,
A Prince, to Bleſs Thee recommended
By thoſe high Pow'rs that Rule above.

Jup. KINGS are as Gods, on Earth! The Appellat
Is juſtly due to thoſe, they repreſent me.
With Awe the Subject Nations
As ſuch, ſhou'd Them revere; Avoid their Anger &c.

With no leſs anxious Caution,
Than they declare the Flaſhes of my Lightning,
When they're endued with Virtues,
They ought eſpecially to imitate them;
Repay their Royal Cares with warm Affection;
And merit, by your Duty, their Protection.

Britons, tho' in Freedom Born,
Yet your Kings ye ought to Obey;
Pow'rs etherial do not Scorn,
Due Devoirs to Jove *to pay.*
Pious George *will o'er ye Reign,*
By thoſe Laws yourſelves Ordain:
In HIM, and his Race Rejoyce,
Both your Own, and Heavens Choice.

ritan. How oft I've been the ſport of wanton Fortune,
Embroil'd by Civil Feuds, Invaſions, Traytors,
That ſtrove to rob me of my Native Freedom;
For which my noble Sons ſo bravely ſtrugled!
No! floating *Delos* never
Was more diſturb'd by roving Winds and Surges,
That on Her winding Shores their Fury waſted.
But now, as ſhe, I'm fix'd, ſuch Meaſures taken,
The Baſis of my Empire
By ſuch Attempts, ſhall never more be ſhaken.

Plodding Traytors, Undermining,
With the Nations Combining,
Baſted,
See your Projects render'd vain;
Wretches,
Bribes of Gold have not avail'd ye,
Foreign Efforts all have fail'd ye;
Fraught with Villany, deſigning
To Obſtruct Great Brunswick's *Reign.*

Pre-

Apollo. Presumpt'ous Politicians!
To vary from unerring Rules of Wisdom
For private Int'rest, to enslave your Brethren.
In *Brunswick*'s Godlike HERO
In Justice Train'd, and Form'd by true Religion,
Your LAWS, your LIBERTIES, your CONSTITUTION
Are all secure. 'Twou'd be Infatuation
To Crown a Man, that *wou'd Destroy your Nation.*

British Realms, ye'd been subjected,
Blindly le'd, to be Enslav'd;
Had I not those Schemes detected,
Other means cou'd not have sav'd.

Astrea. From Earth I've oft been Banish'd,
Yet I've return'd as often
As disabused Nations wou'd receive me
When their Supreme the World acknowledg'd *Saturn.*
I never more was cherish'd
Than lately in those Regions,
Where HAPPY GEORGE a *willing People* Govern'd.
Now, since the Gods bestow on HIM an Empire,
Large, as his Soul, and o'er the Bravest Nation,
I'm sure of His Protection,
Nor doubt I there, to meet a kind Reception.

Queen of Isles, I'll happy make thee,
If this Guest thou'lt Entertain;
If thou'lt never more forsake me,
I'll restore Thee
To thy Glory,
And wipe off thy former Stain.

CHORUS.

Thro' the happy British Nations
All in Raptures now resemble:
Those harmonious Acclamations,
Where the Gods at Banquet meet.

Sing the BRITONS *matchleſs Brav'ry,*
Whence their Happineſs deriveth;
BRITONS *always Foes to Slav'ry,*
Will their Native freedom keep.
Tyranny and Superſtition
At their Name grew Pale and tremble,
Souls degen'rate their Deriſion
Only to that Yoke ſubmit.

Jup. The hopes of Sov'reign Empire
Are vain in any Nation
Except on Virtue founded:
By this th' *Aſſirian* Monarchs,
The *Perſians* and the *Græcians*,
Greatly enlarg'd the Limits of their Kingdoms:
By this the God-like *Romans*
From *Thames* to ſounding *Tigris* and *Euphrates*
Diſplay'd their conqu'ring Eagles:
By this the fearleſs *Britons*
Did *Things of late*, at which the World was ſtartled!
Had their *Great Souls* not baſely been diverted,
Their Own and *Europes* RIGHTS They'd *All* aſſerted.

Proud Tyrants like dire Comets ſhine,
And far extend their dreadful Flame,
Yet both their Glories ſoon decline;
But virt'ous Princes like the Sun,
When mounted to his radiant Noon
For ever ſhine, for ever are the ſame.

Britan. In *Europes* preſent ſafety
To vulgar Minds and ſloweſt Apprehenſions,
The Tracks of JOVE's All-ruling Pow'r are obvious.
To Great *Naſſau*, 'tis plain that he ſuggeſted
Hers and *Britannia*'s Danger.
And pointed out another GREAT DELIV'RER,
Whoſe *Great Capacities* were form'd to Save Us,
Amidſt ſo many Schemes laid to enſlave Us. *Since*

Since the Fates *have ſent us over,*
Our ſo-much deſir'd HANOVER,
All our Fears we ought to baniſh;
Thoſe that ſeek to diſpoſſeſs Him,
Soon will truckle and Careſs Him,
Now their Hopes begin to vaniſh.

Apollo. How happy are the BRITONS!
On whom the Gods their Favours ev'n have laviſh'd:
A KING Superlativ'ly Good and Condeſcending!
Great! Brave! and *Wiſe!* and *Juſt!* He calmly ſteered
Th' uneaſy Helm of State with ſteady Council.
Nor are thoſe ſhining Virtues
Within Himſelf confined:
But All deriv'd to his Illuſtrious Iſſue:
A ROYAL RACE ſo many Goods poſſeſſing
To any Nation, are *the greateſt Bleſſing.*

All admire His Inſtitutions,
All the MONARCH'S Wiſdom *prize;*
Weigh'd are all His Reſolutions,
By their ISSUE *proved Wiſe.*
Flatt'ring from His Court is driven,
All regard to Truth *is given.*

2.

Factions, *that are now Contending,*
From your needleſs Quarrels ceaſe;
Each to Others condeſcending,
Nothing proſecute but PEACE;
GEORGE *has from the* Throne *aſſur'd You,*
All your Rights *ſhall be* Secur'd *you.*

CHORUS.

May Great GEORGE *increaſe in Glory,*
While He fills the Britiſh Throne:
May loud Fame convey His Story
Thro' the cold and burning Zone:

May His Memory remain
While the Thames *and* Rhine *are flowing,*
All his Race thro'-out their Reign,
No Diſaſter ever knowing.

Aſtrea. To form a juſt Idea
Of Gracious GEORGE's upright Mind, the BRITONS
Shou'd lately in His Native Land have ſeen Him,
Diſpencing Juſtice to his HANOVERIANS,
As well reſolv'd, as Cautious, as Impartial;
As *Minos* once in *Crete*, who now diſtributes
To Souls below, according to their Merits,
Not cramp'd by Statutes, but by Virtues acted
In His great Soul as Living Laws reſiding,
In righteous Paths His Steps for ever guiding.

Even Virtues poize His Soul,
Ev'ry Paſſion by ſubduing,
Ev'ry worthy mean purſuing,
All that's faulty to controle.
Steady Juſtice ever aws Him,
Yet Compaſſion mix'd with Love
Sometimes draws Him,
As it does the Gods above.

up. Tho' calm His Soul and tuned to Peace, His Courage
Has oft been prov'd notorious,
When His or other Wrongs Abroad have call'd Him,
To urge His Fate amidſt Ten thouſand Dangers;
When winged Deaths in ghaſtly Shapes around Him
With Glorious Wreaths of Laurels only Crown'd Him.

The Calms of Peace a Prince that Loves,
In War the moſt Heroick proves;
So where the Skies are moſt ſerene,
The greateſt Change is often ſeen,
Loud Peals of Thunder from each Pole
All round the Verge of Heaven roll, The

The raging Winds and pouring Rain
Fall on the Land, and on the Main.

Britan. His gen'rous Care of *Late* for *Britains* ſafety,
And vig'rous Application
To *baffle Thoſe*, that aim'd at Her Deſtruction,
Are Proofs ſufficient of His LOVE and CONDUCT.
Their noble Lives His Brothers bravely Laviſh'd,
Their Countries and the *Chriſtian Cauſe* Defending;
NO BRANCH from His *Illuſtrious Stocks* deſcended,
But for *ſome ſignal Virtue* is commended.

BRITANNIA *juſtly Claims* HIM,
A BRANCH *of Her own* Race,
Tranſplanted to [illegible], *improve*;
HANNOVI'A *then Reſtor'd* HIM,
When SHE *with Tears Implor'd* HIM,
Her Dangers *to remove.*

Apollo. No! *Wiſdom's Off-ſpring* cannot be Defective!
She early with the Gods acquainted made Him;
Inform'd Him of their Nature;
The *pure* and *ſimple Worſhip* that we owe Them,
How to Adore, and worthy Honour ſhow Them.

Sov'reigns Virtue by poſſeſſing,
On their Realms derive a Bleſſing,
And engage the Gods Affection;
Their bright Rays new Light creating,
In their Subjects imitating,
Make them ſhine by their Reflection.

Aſtrea. When *Juſtice* and *Compaſſion*
Are *Infinite*, 'tis not for ſhallow Mortals,
To ſcan the Actions of Immortal Beings,
They're guided all by Wiſdom.
So their *Vice-gerent* here have ſecret Reaſons,
Sometimes t' extend their Mercy,

Sometimes to put in Practice rigid Justice:
'Tis They know best for both the proper Seasons.

Criminals *their* Faults *bemoaning*,
By Attoning,
May to Mercy *have pretence*;
Vindicating and Disowning,
Traytors *meet their Recompence*;
Fix'd is this Eternal Sentence,
None are Sav'd *without Repentance*;
With it Heaven doth not dispence.

Grand Chorus.

Tides of Joy in Britain *flowing*,
To this HAPPY DAY *are owing*,
That produc'd us such a Treasure;
Late, when He to Skies returneth,
And His Loss the Nation mourneth;
We'll partake of Her Displeasure.

---

nother SONG; being the same that is Sung at St. *James's*, on this DAY.

The WORDS by *N. KOWE*, Esq; *Poet Laureat* to HIS MAJESTY.

Aria.

LAY *thy Flow'ry Garlands by*,
Ever Blooming gentle May;
Other Honours now are nigh,
Other Honours see, we pay.

—: The *Chorus* repeats the same Four Verses.

Aria.

Majesty and great Renown,
Wait thy beamy Brow to Crown;

Parent

Parent *of our* HERO *Thou*;
GEORGE *on* Britain *didſt Beſtow*:
Thee the Trumpet, thee the Drum,
With the Plumy Helm become;
Thee the Spear and ſhining Shield,
With ev'ry Trophy of the warlike Field.

Aria.

Call thy better Bleſſings forth,
For the Honours of His BIRTH:
Still the Voice of loud Commotion,
Bid complaining Murmur ceaſe;
Lay the Billows of the Ocean,
And Compoſe the Land in Peace.

Aria.

Queen of Glory, fragrant May
For this Bright this Happy Day;
Janus *with his Double Face,*
Shall to Thee reſign his place,
Thou ſhalt Rule with better Grace:
Time from Thee ſhall wait his Doom,
And thou ſhalt lead the Year for ev'ry Age to come.

Aria.

Faireſt Month, in Cæſar *pride Thee,*
Nothing like Him can'ſt thou bring;
Tho' the Graces ſmile beſide thee,
Tho' thy Bounty gives the Spring.

Aria.

Tho' like Flora *thou array Thee,*
Finer than the painted Bow;
Carolina *ſhall repay thee,*
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

Aria.

She Herself a Glory greater
Than the Golden Sun discloses;
And Her smiling Off-springs sweeter,
Than the Bloom of all thy Roses.

CHORUS.

Lay thy Flow'ry Garlands by,
Ever Blooming gentle May:
Other Honours now are nigh,
Other Honours see we pay.

FINIS.

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